

## Pray 4 Us

Trippie Redd

I used to think about immature things  
You know, like, "Do you love me?  
Do you want me?  
Are you gonna call me like you said you would?  
Is this really your real phone number?"  
And this beat from Cash, not from YouTube

Yeah, you see-through  
Bite from a snake, lethal  
Woke up rockin' Evisu  
You don't wanna stay, why keep you?  
In the rain where I leave you  
You ain't gang, why would I piece you?  
Like, what's up?  
More money, more love  
AP, two-tone, I was outside with that chrome  
Maybach ready to go  
Look at my neck, it's covered in stones  
Look at my yard, it's covered in bones  
King of the hill, all of my family is royalty nigga, you better kneel  
Don't gotta talk 'bout respect in this shit, you know the real  
Don't gotta talk 'bout my blessings and shit, you know the real  
I don't want that fake love, it ain't real  
It ain't much to say, love, it's 2 AM  
I'm crazy 'bout your love  
Go over and above  
You know I'm pourin' up, smokin' on the gas  
I'm a demon in the night time, leave him in the past  
When I fuck that bitch, she call me "Dad,"  
She say that's the best love that she ever had  
Shit, you gotta get in your bag  
You gotta get to the cash, you gotta get it in digital dash  
Steppin' on shit, keep a Glock and mask  
Turnin' your plaid tie-dye  
Throwin' up bands in G5, double C bag on TY  
Don't wanna see him reachin'  
It's late night and we creepin'  
This her class but I teach her  
I don't give a shit in my ox fur  
Better go get you a doctor  
Better go get you a Perc'  
That boy in pain, he hurt  
Leave that lil' bitch in the dirt  
Put the lil' bitch on a shirt  
Candlelight shit, fly high  
R.I.P. Spook, R.I.P. 9, see a opp, then drop me the dime  
We ain't worried 'bout shit or time  
Leave that boy stinkin', hard time  
Psycho, out of my mind  
I think I'm Picasso, I'm paintin' your ride, uh  
Red rum, hundred shots, pussy, you're done  
Run up the bread, it was crumbs  
Now I got a damn green thumb  
Now I got a pair of green lungs  
My momma told me the devil a liar  
My auntie in here speakin' tongues  
I'll get to the top, I'ma lunge

I know I'm the shit but they'll never plunge  
My Draco got kick, so you better run  
I'm takin' a pic with my bitch in the sun, yeah  
That boy Michael Vick, that boy like to run  
I'm out with the gang, no clique, no squad  
You know we the gang, you know we the mob